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Mr. *TASTE*'s Tour

FROM THE

Iſland of Politeneſs,

TO THAT OF

DULNESS and SCANDAL, &c.

(Price One Shilling.)

Mr. TASTE's Tour

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Land of Politeness

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Mr. *TASTE*'s Tour

FROM THE

Iſland of Politeneſs,

TO THAT OF

Dulneſs and Scandal.

—— Laſt, thoſe who boaſt of mighty Miſchiefs done,
Enſlæve their Country, or uſurp a Throne;
Or who their Glory's dire Foundation laid,
On Sov'reigns ruin'd, or on Friends betray'd;
Calm thinking Villains, whom no Faith can fix,
Of crooked Counſels, and dark Politicks:
Of theſe a gloomy Tribe ſurround the Throne,
And beg to make th' immortal Treaſons known.
The Trumpet roars, long flaky Flames expire,
With Sparks that ſeem'd to ſet the World on fire,
At the dread Sound pale Mortals ſtood aghaſt,
And ſtartled Nature trembled with the Blaſt.

LONDON:

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INTRODUCTION.

SUCH is the Petulency and Malice of the *real* Grubs of this Age, whose *muddy Brains* are fertile in nothing but *Scandal* and *Reproach*, *Infamy* and *Falsehood*, that they imagine they are licensed to attack any *Gentleman of Credit and Reputation*, who has the happy Talent of pleasing the World with *Wit* and *Good Sense*: They are like the *Toad* in the *Fable*, who, envying the *Ox* on account of his large Growth, swell'd his own Body with the Venom it contain'd, till, exceeding the Bounds of Nature, it burs'd, and thereby hastened its own Death; and let those malicious Insects take Care that they do not share the same Fate.

Rumpatur quisquis rumpitur Invidia.

To mention every particular Pamphlet, wherein I am misrepresented, and vilely traduced, would take up more Time than I can spare; and to refute 'em would be the Labour of an Age. I shall therefore, at present, only vindicate myself, in relation to what is charged upon me in a Pamphlet, call'd IN-GRATITUDE; to which is prefix'd an impudent Picture,

INTRODUCTION.

THE heavy Allegation againſt me is, that I am guilty of *Ingratitude*; a Crime, I muſt confeſs, in its Nature vile and deteſtable. To maintain this, two Inſtances are produced; the firſt is concerning a Diſguſt that I took at the late Mr. *Addiſon*; I own it; but then give me Leave to put the Queſtion, were we not reconciled after *that*? *This* is allow'd, but then I am charged again, *with publiſhing a Satire on the aforeſaid Gentleman, after his Death, though our Reconciliation had continued to the End of his Life.* This, truly, I cannot deny; but in Alleviation thereof, I muſt ſay, *That I did inadvertently deliver one Satire to be printed inſtead of another.*

THE *Second* is, concerning a *noble Peer*, to whom I went to *beg a Subſcription, who was very liberal to me*; this I freely own: But who can ſay, *I am guilty of Ingratitude?* Can they prove that *I have mention'd his Name, or that the Character of Lord* Timon *was deſign'd for him?* If People will draw wrong Concluſions from falſe Premiſſes, who can help it? The Fault is theirs, and not mine.

WHAT is mention'd in the 8th and 9th Pages of *Ingratitude*, concerning Mr. *Congreve*'s Aſſertion, as it affects me, gives me no Inquietude; I will neither own it, nor deny it; the Perſon is *defunct*, and if they can *ſubpœna* him from the Shades below, let 'em do it; I will then anſwer for myſelf; and this *Introduction* may ſatisfy every one, that I ſhall not trouble myſelf for the future, in vindicating my Character, whatever Aſperſions ſhall be caſt upon me.

Mr.

Mr. *TASTE*'s Tour

FROM THE

Iſland of Politeneſs,

TO THAT OF

DULNESS and SCANDAL.

PRODUCT of Earth, by genial Heat of Sun,
What Miſchiefs, GOLD, have not by Thee been done?
From thy *Rich Veins* what Streams of Goodneſs flow,
Thou *deareſt Friend*, and moſt *invet'rate Foe!*
You, *Proteus* like, in various Forms appear,
Now joy our Hearts, then ſtrike a panic Fear:

Tho' you, by Nature, are not *good*, or *ill*,
At once you can *preſerve*, at once can *kill*.
The *needy* Rogue you tempt to meet his *Fate*,
And make the wary *proſp'rous* Villain *Great*.
You ſet the *Dunce*, the *Coward*, and the *Knave*,
Above the *Wiſe*, the *Honeſt*, and the *Brave*.
You make the *learn'd experienc'd* Head bow low
To empty *Upſtart Fools*, that Nothing know.

Not Right, but Riches, give to ſome the Sway,
And make the ſtarving Multitude obey:
Riches alone does at ſuch Diſtance place
The *labring Peaſant* from his *Courtly Grace*:
Titles moſt pompous (tho' confer'd by Kings)
Uncrown'd with ſolid Wealth, are empty Things
Such Royal Marks no *Pauper*'s Wants can ſcreen,
But make the Wretch more deſpicably mean:
Badges of Honour haughty Minds may pleaſe,
But wiſer Heads ſcarce think 'em worth their Fees.
'Tis true the City oft ſends forth a Tool,
Who barters Money to be dub'd *Sir Fool*;
But what vain Prodigal would humour Pride,
At ſuch Expence, unleſs to pleaſe his Bride?

And if the Knight grows poor, the ſtately Toy
Becomes the Scorn of ev'ry 'Prentice Boy:
For needy Honour, like a King ſubdu'd,
Moves but Contempt and Laughter in the Croud.

GOLD, tho' ſo pow'rful, yet thou'rt oft miſus'd,
By thoſe that love the moſt, thou'rt moſt abus'd:
The Miſer, tho' he doats upon thy Charms,
And with thy Looks his craving Fancy warms;
Yet places o'er thee his *Vulcanian* Guard,
So cloſe he hugs thee, that he gripes too hard.
Thus the fond Husband of a beauteous Wife,
To keep ſecure the Comfort of his Life,
Confines her cloſe, or o'er her ſets his Spies,
Leſt ſome ſhou'd rob him of his *Charming Prize*.

THO' Gold be oft adorn'd with Royal Face,
Caſting a watchful Eye towards *Heaven's Grace*,
Yet now is ev'ry Ideot grown ſo wiſe,
To know the Value in the Subſtance lies;
And if the Touch-ſtone proves the Metal *baſe*,
They prize not *Ceſar's* Image, or *God's Grace*.

FALSE flatt'ring Fav'rites, who on Princes wait,
And by their Cringes make 'em ſeem more great,
For *baſe bye Ends* their humble Fawnings pay,
Gold makes 'em bow, diſſemble, and obey,
And *Gold*, which makes 'em ſerve, will tempt 'em to betray.
So the poor worthleſs Cur, for nothing good,
Fawns moſt, becauſe he leaſt deſerves his Food;
But when by ſome new Hand he's better fed,
He leaves his Maſter, who the Mungril bred.

WEALTH is the Stateſman's Luſt, and Soul of Pow'r,
The Teeth by which the *Rich* the *Poor* devour;
The *Judge*'s Favo'rite, and the *Client*'s Friend,
The *Jury*'s Conſcience, who the Cauſe muſt end;
Bagg'd up in *Bribes*, around the Darling flies,
She talks, perſuades, ſhe conquers, and ſhe buys:
On ev'ry Court clandeſtinly ſhe calls,
And for her Sake the Pleader ſweats and bawls:
No adverſe Pauper can withſtand her Might,
The Cauſe ſhe 'ſpouſes moſt, is always *right*.

Thus

Thus *Juſtice*, who is blind to either ſide,
Does now take Money for her partial Guide;
Who leads the Hood-wink'd Dame from Cour to Court,
And makes the Pur-blind Fool a Publick Sport;
Who in this Age has loſt her Chriſtian Fame,
And is ſo chang'd, ſhe's nothing but a Name.

COUNCILS for *Gold* are many times betray'd,
Stateſmen by her kind Influence are ſway'd;
Hearts, that ſhou'd ſecret as the Grave remain,
Break thro' their Oaths, divulging all for *Gain*.
Few Tongues ſo faithful that can Silence hold,
When tempted, ſafely, to betray by *Gold*;
Grave S---rs, tho' ne'er ſo Rich or Great,
Will ſtill be nibbling at the ſhining Bait:
Its pleaſing Luſtre dazzles human Eyes,
And takes ſometimes the Honeſt by Surprize;
Who by the glitt'ring Sight are overcome,
And think of Nothing but the pow'rful Sum:
Forget how vilely they abuſe their Truſt,
And make the Ills, they are to do, ſeem juſt.

THE fighting Hero, says he chuses Wars,
Whose Sword's his Voucher, and his Pride his Scars;
Who dreads Dishonour more than sudden Fate,
And is by Blood and Wounds make desperate;
Who boasts of Towns and Battles he has won,
And rattles of the mighty Deeds he's done,

To serve his King and Country, and secure
His dear Religion from invading Pow'r;
If Truth be canvass'd, *Int'rest* leads the Van,
And makes the Soldier such a valiant Man;
Where he's best us'd, he thinks the Cause most right,
'Tis Pay, and Hopes of Plunder, makes him fight;
And when the first of these Temptations fails,
Tho' in Heaven's Cause, whole Legions turn their Tails,
Forget their Honour, which was once their Pride,
And fly for Succour to the adverse Side,

So the proud Statesman, if he once has shown
Some Signal Service to a thankless Throne,

Finding

Finding his Prince neglecting to requite,
In Haſte turns *Rebel* to revenge the Slight.

WAR is the Sport of Kings and mighty Lords,
The Key that opens all the Nation's Hoards;
And they in Arms, who in the Project join,
Fight not for Country, but their Country's Coin.
'Tis Hopes of *Wealth* that warms the Heroes Veins,
In long cold Marches, and in wet Campaigns;
'Tis the rich Plunder, that's within the Town,
That makes th' Aſſailants go ſo bravely on,
And not Religion, that's but a Pretence
To make Heaven's Lambs part freely with their Pence.
For they, who wade thro' bloody Fields, maintain,
They fight for Pay, and what more they can gain;
Elſe brawney Prieſts might draw Religion's Sword,
And fight themſelves the Battle of the Lord:
Or lazy Burghers leave their handſome Wives,
And, to ſecure their Wealth, expoſe their Lives.

Few

Few are of Eaſe ſo prodigal and vain,
To bear another's Burden, but for *Gain*;
And were it not for *Pay*, few Soldiers wou'd be ſlain.

MONEY, it is by thy prevailing Aid
Callow-chin'd Boys are Noble Captains made;
Much fitter to attend a Lady's Train,
Than ſtrut before a *Company* of Men,
Whoſe braver Hearts deſpiſe the tender Chit,
To whom they're hardly deſtin'd to ſubmit;
Whilſt Men well skill'd in Arms, who long have ſerv'd,
Want thoſe Advancements they ſo well deſerv'd:
And unregarded at a Diſtance ſtand,
Cringing to thoſe o'er whom they ſhou'd command;
Thus *Gold* in Armies often rules the Roaſt,
And lifts the *Coward* to the *Brave Man's* Poſt.

FOR *Gold* contending Factions toil and ſweat,
And *Pro* and *Con* ſo painfully debate:
For *This* the Crafty quarrel with the Throne,
And to the *Publick Good* prefer *Their Own*;

Each

Each steers and labours for the Golden Coast,
The main Dispute is, who shall gain the most.
'Tis *Int'rest* makes each Party disagree,
They clash, they jangle, and contend for thee;
All Sides would raise their Fortunes in the State,
The Weak behold the rising Pow'r with Hate,
And ev'ry Goose grows mad, to see the Fox so great.

These in low Spheres, impatient to aspire,
Watch all their Motions, who are posted higher;
Seek to detect the Faults of those above,
And labour to procure a new Remove;
Not that the Public Welfare is their Aim,
But that themselves may play the winning Game.

So *Bowling* Rooks can with no Patience rest,
To their Adversary's *Cast* lie best,
But knock him from his Place by throwing home,
And win the End, by lodging in his Room.

The ſmaller Fry, who can no Merit plead,
But follow thoſe, whom they deſire ſhou'd lead,
Their Minds with *Envy* poiſon'd by the reſt,
Calumniate thoſe in higher Stations bleſt;
And when 'twill ſerve the Int'reſt they adore,
They ſhew their Teeth, tho' deſtitute of Pow'r.
They ſtand like Mungrils barking at the Moon,
In hopes to bring the lofty Being down;
But they, like *Finders* to the *Grey-hounds* fare,
They beat the Buſh, but th' others catch the Hare,
Yet hopes of Pow'r deludes 'em to be Fools,
And makes induſtrious Knaves of buſy Fools,
Who covet Places only for the Wealth,
And think to gain by *Bribery* and *Stealth*;
They from their own baſe Principles accuſe
Juſt Men of Ills, themſelves deſire to Uſe.

So ſharping Gamſters, who can cog the Dice,
Expert in each foul politic Device,
Suſpect what others fairly win at Play,
And think they uſe the ſame clandeſtine Way.

MARRIAGE, that shou'd a Sanction give to
Love,
That State which many try, but few approve,
By *Gold* is now so mercenary made,
Like Priests, both Sexes use it as a Trade.
We ask not how discreet, how young, how fair,
How chaste young Women, but how rich they are?
As worthless Toys, Beauty's bright Charms we
slight,
Dear-bought Experience proves Love's soft Delight,
Blesses but some dark Moments of the Night.
Riches, those welcome Jewels with a Bride,
Beauty out-shine, and ev'ry Grace beside.
Most Men agree, the Fortune, not the Wife,
Is all the *Advantage* Wedlock adds to Life.
Great Men themselves their *Honour* bow to *Gold*,
And join their noble Blood t' ignoble Mould:
The *Grazier's Heiress*, with her Father's Hoard,
Is now a *welcome Lady* to a *Lord*:
The Daughter of a *Cit*, grown rich by Trade,
May match at *Court*, and be a *Dutchess* made:
Honour's a *Trifle*, *Virtue* but a *Dream*,
Riches alone, *procure the World's Esteem*.

The

The gallant Youth the Hump-back'd Lady takes,
And for her *Gold* a flatt'ring Husband makes;
Fawn on his female *Chaos* like a Slave,
And *hugs the Lump, he wiſhes in the Grave*;
What ſhe deſires, he liberally grants,
Relieves her *Luſt*, and ſhe *ſupplies his Wants*.
The *charming Maid*, as *fortuneleſs* as he,
Does gladly join with *Rich Deformity*,
Proſtrates her *Charms* to ſome *Baboon* ſhe hates,
And hugs the *Clog* her *Soul abominates*:
Bears all the *jealous Taints* he cannot hide,
To be a *rich, decrepid Miſer's* Bride.
Beauties too oft comply for *filthy Gain*,
They *marry Elves*, and croſs the *lovely Strain*;
Producing what the World abhors to ſee,
A *crooked, half-got, peeviſh Progeny*.

MONEY firſt tempted *Judas* to betray,
'Tis the *falſe Guide* that *leads Mankind aſtray*;
It makes Men warmly labour to deceive
Others with what themſelves do not believe.
Where they *Dependance*, or an *Int'reſt* have,
With *honeſt Characters* they cloak the *Knave*;
And without Cauſe, to ſerve their Purpoſe, ſtain
The Reputation of deſerving Men:

One

One Man they flatter, t'other they abuſe,
The *Guiltleſs* blame, the *Guilty* they excuſe:
They from all *Truth* and *Honeſty* diſſent,
To make their own Advantage crown th' Event;
Hide their own Knowledge, to deceive the Blind,
When mercenary Gain corrupts the Mind.

F I N I S.